

F. C. NEUMANN, PH. D.

I Fought For A Faith

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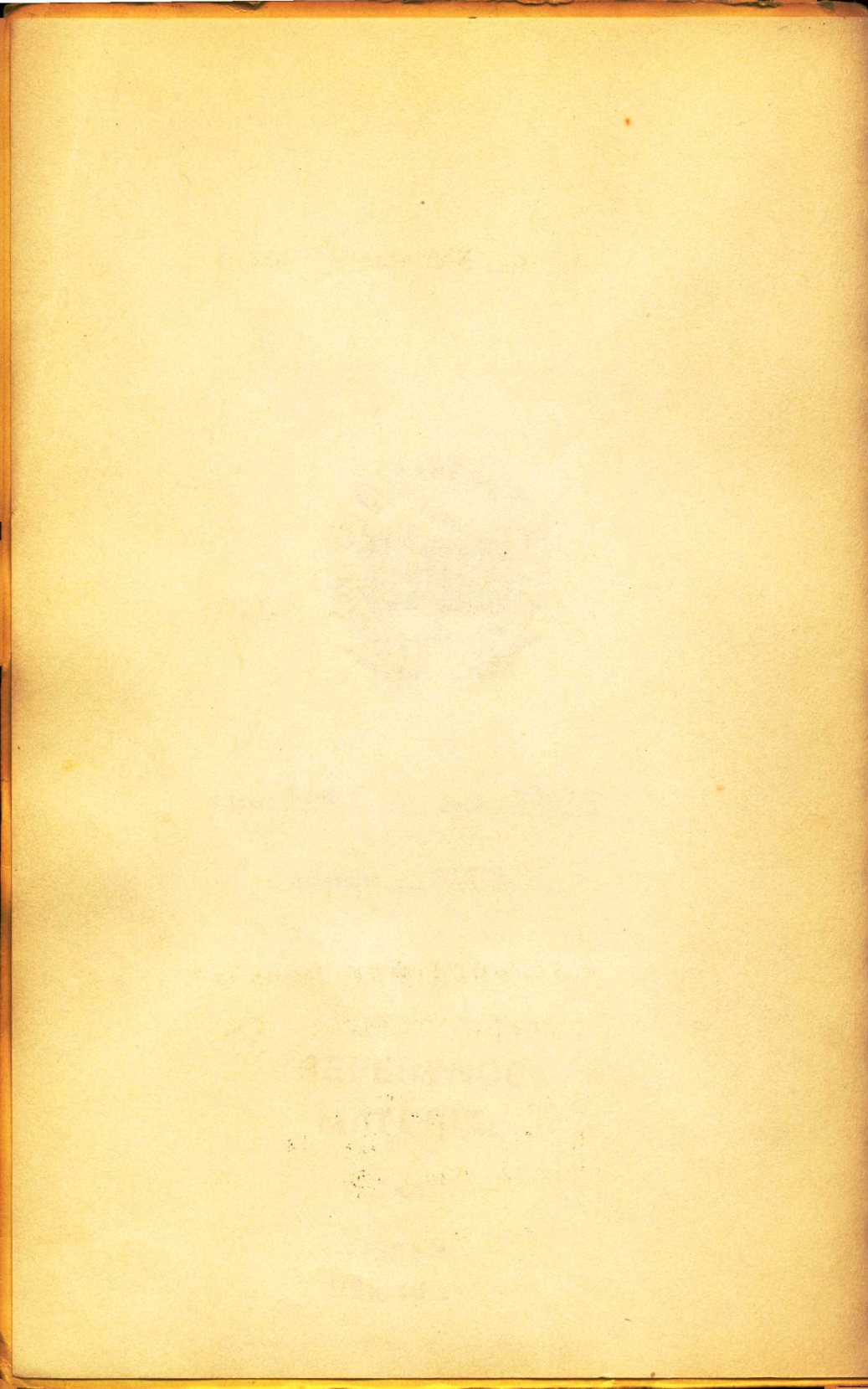
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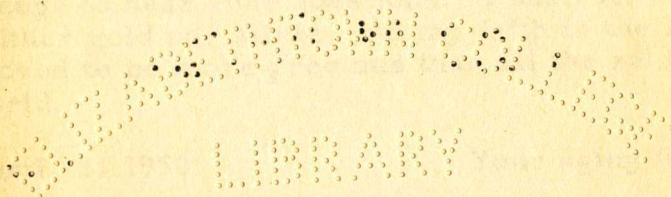
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I FOUGHT FOR A FAITH



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DEDICATION

Dear Son:

You are still too young as a first grader to understand my story now. But the time will come when you ask why you are the son of a converted Jew. I give you the answer now in case I shall not live long enough to hear your questions. I shall leave to you neither gold nor silver, but my faith in the Lord which proved to be more precious than all the rubies of the world.

April 11, 1950

Your aging father.

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I FOUGHT FOR A FAITH

Out of the dimness of my childhood only my parents, some relatives and two teachers arise as clearly outlined characters. I remember distinctly the times when my grandfather took me on his lap and told me the stories of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, and Noah. Unforgettable to me are still the Passover suppers with my parents, the beautiful Sabbath eve, prayers under the bright candelabra with the seven branches in the Viennese synagogues and the gowned choir boys who sang the Psalms in Hebrew. This, and above all, the imprint of Mother's deep religious mind forms the fertile soil upon which the seed of my early religious impressions ripened.

It often fills me with profound dissatisfaction to think that my native city of Vienna was the most unfavorable place for my father. He failed as a businessman in this large city and found his right place when we moved to T. in Czechoslovakia where he could unfold his abilities in the manufacture of linen goods. At the beginning our parents with four children were living in extremely modest circumstances, which, however, improved soon, owing to the effective help of my mother. I attended a grade-school class with about eighty pupils who mostly were Catholics like the prevailing majority of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire. At that time my parents and my teacher called me a dreamer. But today I am well aware of the fact that I was thoroughly alert as to religious experiences. Thus I deeply felt the inspiration of our daily morning prayers. When, however, I began to understand the anti-semitic remarks of my teacher and class mates, I nursed slight doubts about whether the Lord of the Catholics included in His love also me, the Jewish boy. The Christ-statue dripping with blood disturbed me considerably in the class room. In view of the suffering Lord the school boys said to me often: "You Jewish people have murdered our Redeemer." The Catholic teacher of divinity never deigned to look at me. I became conscious of

this contempt but after 50 years. I noticed that English pastors in Liverpool blessed Jewish boys and heartily shook hands with those who had fled from Hitler and were now on their way to the States. Then I realized how hypocritically the old monarchy had disguised her anti-semitism which in the Austrian constitution for reasons of state craft seemed to have been abolished. No wonder then, that I felt at home only in the synagogue. There I knew that I was a child of a loving God. Nevertheless, the figure of a suffering Christ in schools, chapels, and on cross-roads haunted me continuously. As often as I looked at Him I had a guilty conscience. I asked myself: "Is it really possible that we have crucified Him, we Jews that never commit crimes like these? Why should we have murdered Him? What was His fault? If He was innocent and we were guilty, should we not atone for our crime?" Secretly I looked at my parents and grandparents and felt assured that they were perfectly honest and incapable of any murder. Although I was stricken with doubts and restlessness I did not venture to relieve my mind by talking to anybody. I thought I had to fight this inner struggle for clarity to the bitter end by myself. Maybe Christ Himself would help me. My contemplation of His suffering had stirred up something that burned like fire in my young heart and needed healing. But how could it heal since from my very first schoolday until my expulsion from Austria, I always heard insults thrown upon me or my brothers: "Jewish pig, perish!" which roused unspeakable shame and rebellion in my heart. In addition, some years later my college professors and fellow students exhibited a contempt toward my race too which being more subtle and shrewd was even more unbearable. However, I enjoyed the classical education of the "Gymnasium" which meant a long and devoted study for me and a financial burden for my parents. Naturally, I suffered because my adored professors despised my race in spite of their "education." Naïve, as I was, I thought my industry and my sincerity would force my teachers to respect me and thus I could prove to them that there were also fine Jews. As if such a

prove had been necessary! For the first time in my life I felt the iron clutches of prejudice which, as I recognized later, defied any proofs and arguments. For anti-semitism is, basically, irrational. This experience should have attached me even more to Jewry. But it did not work this way.

What made me totter in my faithfulness to my race for the first time was the way in which my teacher of "mosaic religion" taught. He put every classroom discipline to shame. The students had their fun with him. In spite of my eight-year study of the Old Testament and Jewish History, I did not attain the least fundamental knowledge in the Hebrew language and literature. That time seems to me definitely wasted and I am sorry that my knowledge of the old prophets and medieval Jewish poets is entirely blurred by a mass of superficial generalities. Our obligatory chapel service every Saturday afternoon in the dignified synagogue in T. was a travesty upon the faith of our forefathers. The students read cheap drugstore novels during the service or they chatted so loudly that our rabbi-professor had to stop preaching. I was not better than the rest. We all lacked reverence and the simplest piety. They existed neither in our homes nor in our Jewish community. Whose fault was it? -- Zionism could not appeal to me because I saw no value in any national exaltation. Thus a gap arose in my loyalty to Jewry which never since has been filled. The mere emotional approach to Judaism I experienced at home did not suffice any longer to satisfy my ambition to embrace Judaism spiritually. My whole being that had longed for perfect unity with my fellow Jews was shattered by disillusionment. I was a Jew without Judaism.

After graduation I went back to Vienna in order to prepare for college teaching. My ambition, imagination and idealism, the best forces of my susceptible youth were longing for religious experience. I found it only partly in the works of Goethe, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and in the famous theaters of Vienna whose baroque architecture and musical lyricism had

conquered the world. This was all right but it did not help me to overcome the growing emptiness and dreariness of my heart. Again and again I felt myself attracted to Jesus. I tried to approach Him but I did not know how. His suffering was still a puzzle to me which I wanted to solve. I guessed there were many roads that led to Him. The Old Testament asserted its sovereign rights at the university again. Each day I recognized its influence more and more. Where had my enthusiasm for poetry originated anyhow? Had it not been derived from the wonderful Bible stories with their creative-visionary diction and their forceful and simple language? I also secretly read the New Testament with its unsurpassed comparisons and parables. Was there in all the world literature a more shattering tragedy than that of Job, a more touching love story than that of Ruth, a finer song of praise on charity than that of Corinthians 1/13, a more perfect lyric poem than that of Psalm 23 or a loftier glorification of the Messiah than that of Handel based on the scriptures?

I started secretly attending churches between the services in order to be alone with my Lord. I also studied St. Paul. His teaching struck me like a revelation. He said: "And that ye study to be quiet..." (Thess. I. 4:11) Is there, indeed, a nobler striving for man than that for contemplative tranquility? I realized: Stillness is strength and excitement is weakness. This truth unveiled itself to me during the first World War with striking clarity, in a certain happening: a woman suffered unspeakably because her two sons--after she had brought them up with great sacrifice--had to join the army. Soon afterwards she was taken ill and thought she suffered cancer of the throat. The physicians could not help her and she refused to eat. Her husband and her children pitied her very much. Everybody felt the profoundest sympathy for her. Soon she noticed how unfavorably her condition affected her surroundings and she decided not to complain any longer but to devote herself exclusively to prayer and meditation. And behold! After her prayers her nervous

tension, and hysteric spells yielded to her peace of mind and to her faith in God. She saw that the Lord was everywhere and therefore also with her sons in the battles. She felt that only He could help them and she trusted entirely His will. She recovered. The woman was my mother. Her experience that there was a power superior to all evil, namely the power of an unshakable faith in the Lord was the basis for my tranquility and contempt of danger in times of war at the Isonzo river front and during the subsequent revolutions in Vienna. After the collapse of the monarchy one government followed the other in quick succession each accompanied by violent fighting in the streets. Bullets flew round about me on my way to and from the university but I walked through without the slightest fear, meekly trusting in the Lord. He saved me. More and more deeply I felt attached to the suffering Lord. Surreptitiously I knelt in front of His altars and felt a blissful communion with Him. Was He not the noblest Jew, did He not suffer far more than His people from whom He originated? Why had my Jewish brethren rejected Him? Why had all the rabbis suppressed His great life, His divine teaching and His crucifixion? Naturally, the old priests were afraid of His new world-shaking visions and they killed Him in trying to kill His message of love. And their present day colleagues, the modern rabbis and Jewish scholars still believe that a rejection of Christianity "is an essential minimum for ensuring Jewish survival." How absurd! As if my loyalty to Jesus could diminish my love for my suffering Jewish brethren? Is it not evident that my allegiance to Him is the best guarantee for my sincere devotion to any suffering creature?

The city of Vienna I knew was no religious center at all. For that purpose it was too big, too much disintegrated, too gay, too frivolous. I did not find any religious atmosphere in my native city which after the first world conflagration lived from the proceeds of sales where her treasures of art were sacrificed. Vienna was trying to drown her misery and spiritual bankruptcy in floods of champagne while

expressing her despair in nihilism and superstition. The general atheism was contagious; thus I felt never farther from God than after the political and economic downfall of my fatherland. I still had to go a long and hard way in recognizing Christ as my only Savior. My vacillating state of mind was not altered by my sporadic relapses into the lap of God who then and later was for me a God of both, the Jews and the Christians. Just as it pulled me stealthily into the churches it also drew me into the synagogues where I prayerfully thought of my parents, brothers and sisters whose faith I was going to abandon. But my attitude was not at all the expression of a firm conviction but that of a vanishing faith which I tried to patch up with cheap sentimentality. In short: my university and post war years constituted the period of my most disastrous loneliness and helplessness. I did not possess a God in the sense of a life-shaping principle that determined my thoughts and actions and directed them toward a definite goal. I lacked any vital ideals for which one is ready to live in unselfish service for others. My religious feelings were entirely based on fluctuating moods but not on unshakable convictions.

The war, however, deepened temporarily my religious disposition. The Sermon of the Mount, Kant's "Eternal Peace" and Goethe's Faust I had always in my soldier coat, right above my heart. These three peacemakers who went along with me through all the engagements, marches, retreats, and hospitals obliged me with an unescapable appeal to my conscience: not to kill. During the military training I was the best shot but in action I always aimed up into the air. Before our company left for the Italian battle front we had to kneel on the ground and to stretch out our rifles which the priests most solemnly blessed. It was the worst blasphemy I ever experienced. Since my childhood I had disliked any kind of weapons and I never could understand people who took delight in hunting. I couldn't kill even a fly. I was happy if

I succeeded in chasing it out of the room. I knew my friends thought me a fool. But a fly too although not mentioned in the gospel was created by the Lord thus manifesting its claim to a place with myself in the universe. Later my study of Mahatma Ghandi showed me that he also had this conception of all God's creation. As a semi-pagan who had lost his childhood faith, I asked myself during the insane murderous combats: Where is God? How could He tolerate the orgies of hate and brutality? During the Isonzo-engagements I saw whimpering little children calling for their "Mammies and Daddys." I saw errant old men looking for a grave and mothers who were yelling in vain for their children in the bombed-out houses; they all had to leave their homes before the advancing Austrians who like vandals ransacked Italian apartments, demolished their furniture, threw their sheets and blankets out of the windows and played havoc with their precious books and paintings. It broke my heart because not one soldier respected the sanctity of these family homes. We wantonly destroyed their necessities of life which the Lord had given them. On the battlefields I saw human legs clad in boots, and some steps farther, human heads and arms. I heard wounded soldiers howling in their pain but nobody cared for them. Where was God? He was in man-made misery. Christ was in each of those suffering creatures; in each of those fighting soldiers and unhappy refugees He was crucified anew. Out of His countenance directed upon me there was shining a divine patience and sorrow for every creature. With pleading eyes, a conjuring sigh and wrestling hands, from His cross, He tried to stop this mass murder but in vain. Man was stricken with blindness and deafness as he had been 2000 years ago. The war fury was artificially increased by compelling us to drink rum and wine before each offensive. The Lord was shivering. It was clear the day had come when we could not escape from expiating His suffering and our guilt. At that time the Lord had written with His own hand into my heart that love is and must be suffering for our fellow creatures. Then I realized that God, religion, and

the most sacred perceptions, basically, can neither be studied in seminaries nor comprehended even through the most perfect sermons nor acquired by the most devoted prayers and meditations as long as they revolve around a self-centered mind. God and the blessings of religion can be experienced only if alien suffering strikes us as our own, if the grief and sorrow of our "enemy" drives us to despair. I comprehended that those whom we were supposed to hate were our beloved brothers in Christ. Because man flees from suffering, he lacks that triumphant love and jubilant self-denial which alone succeeds in creating peace and good will on earth. Experiencing the cruel inflictions that man imposed upon himself in an idiotic conception of self-preservation and self-defense, I began to question human intelligence and to rely but on love. I divined the elevating value of human suffering. I was no longer afraid of it; I gladly accepted it, pressed it tightly upon my heart because I knew that with it I was approaching Jesus and the deepest sense of Christian teaching. Suffering for others strengthens our souls and enriches our lives in freeing us from personal and group-selfishness. Suffering for others widens our miserable egotism to universal love. It creates peace of mind.

I won't forget the profound happiness of intellectual pursuits I often shared with Jews. From them a dynamic force and an intellectual fire arose that carried me away; but my heart remained empty. It lacked the simplicity and innocence without which there is no fear of the Lord. I felt that not the intellect but only love can redeem us. The intellect generates restlessness and pushes us continuously from one goal to another without our attaining that reassurance which the Lord bestows upon a meek heart as a gift of His divine grace. Since my mother was gassed I have needed Christ's understanding and forgiving love for my "enemy" too. How else could I have sublimated the scorpion of thirst of revenge which my tormentors let down into my heart? Could my hatred against them bring me nearer to the Lord

even one step? Did not hatred deprive me of my peace of mind and was I not as a hater just as pitiable as my persecutors. I cared not for my happiness but for that of mankind. How could I approach this goal unless I set an example and forgave my tormentors? How much this war experience helped me later to distinguish genuine Christianity from its mere ecclesiastic and burocratic substitutes manifested itself in my future activities at foreign schools and churches. There are many good Christians in the world but the best ones approach Christ most nearly through suffering for others.

Four years I had to sacrifice to the insatiable war-Moloch. Then came the peaceless peacetime: hunting after influence, prestige and career, altogether rotten illusions which removed me from my Lord and drove me to utter despair. I was still too immature. I had received the seed for a godly life but the fruit was not yet ripe. The God whom I served then was that of success and social recognition. Enthusiastically I rushed into my teaching profession. In spite of all my experiences I was not sufficiently purged for renunciation. For I created my own very comfortable God, well fit for my worldly ambition. He, in reciprocation, created in me a complacency. He bade me, for the sake of my own glory, to "further" the Viennese youth, weakened through war and peace distress, to imbue them with my poetic ideals and to teach them material I termed the highest goal of human endeavor: the appreciation of European literature. What I really offered these young men who were longing for a simple interpretation of their limited world was confusion from which they already suffered abundantly. I taught them modern romanticism with its innumerable "Isms" and its violent outbursts of jubilation and despair. That confused their minds not less than the vague images and explosive language of artists who tried to raise their own chaos to a general principle of life. But my students sorely needed guidance in strengthening their characters; they needed wisdom of heart, clarity and definitiveness. Did I care at all for educating them? What did I tell them about the God I had

experienced in combat? What did I tell them about my Lord Jesus whom I had witnessed as my only consolation in times of the most shameful barbarism? Did I not wish by suppressing those sacred revelations to please my socialistic authorities who wanted my instruction free from any religious interpretation since they knew about Christ just as little as I know about the Andromeda fog? Further, by silencing my pacifistic ideas did I not try to please those nationalistic colleagues who later as Nazis pitilessly cut off my life-thread? Exactly as my former rabbis withheld the truth from me I withheld it from my students. I denied them the only value that mattered; the search for truth. I wanted to please my authorities and therefore I was bound to displease God.

Nevertheless, I loved my students in my own ways. They also liked me until the invasion of the brown barbarians. I loved their courage in tackling vital problems, their absolute sincerity and uncompromising spirit; I loved teaching because of the spiritual atmosphere of the classroom. For me teaching was more than providing knowledge for credits. I cared for procuring them an intellectual strength as a guarantee for future happiness, as I firmly believed. I wanted to transmit to them the inspiration I had once received from Plato and Kant. My students recognized it. Thus I won many a young friend who still expresses his gratitude.

Not until recently did I realize that I should have given them more help. But I gave them some. I went into their miserable living quarters. I sensed the odor of poverty from a distance. But I found it familiar because of the experience of my own childhood. What could be more valuable for understanding their handicaps than to see them in their daily environment with their parents in those crammed and stuffy rooms where one hardly could breathe? Compared with their homes even the crowded classrooms were a paradise for them. Often I invited two or more students into my apartment, supplying them with canned milk, chocolate bars, butter or corned beef which I had received from my mother

in T. Starving Austria had to pay the price to a victorious but un-Christian Europa. How greedily they snapped up an orange or a little piece of meat which they saw in many cases for the first time, I enjoyed making them happy. But I still lacked a guiding principle of life and felt restless.

The war massacres had inflicted upon me complexes of fear and inferiority. I suffered from nervous anxiety that has been only partially cured by electric treatments. Today this sickness seems to me part of a widespread illness in Europe at that time. It was an anxiety that seized not only me and my friends but also all literary and political life. One person distrusted the other. In addition, there was a general restlessness visible in frequent changes of creeds, jobs, and in mass emigration. Everybody threw himself like a sick man in his bed from one side to the other but nowhere was he able to find the right spot. Fundamentally, it was the anxiety of our inner emptiness and ungodliness. The politicians betrayed this state of mind through speeches of hatred and crass intolerance, the poets in eschatological vision and self-accusations, and youth in an astonishing frequency of suicides. I think we all suffered from an unbalanced mind swinging from one extreme to another. I indulged one day emotionally in the loftiest ideals of a dreamed utopia and another day my cold, calculating intellect pushed me back to the cruel realities of everyday life. What I was lacking was the simultaneous cooperation of a rational comprehension and a subrational visualization of this world. I needed a psychologically well-balanced adaption of this life with all its given vicissitudes. Only the perception that God had created the world according to a harmonious plan could help me to find the right place in this world and to obtain the right relation to my fellow-creatures. Still indulging in my egocentric pursuits I was facing nothingness. I did not experience God but my precious little self as the center of this world. I still lacked the humble acceptance of a planful and harmonious creation. This life had for me neither sense or purpose. I falsified reality either through my onesided

intellect or emotion. I did not know what to do with my liberty because I still had no idea about the sublimating and redeeming power of Christian love. I needed more blows of fate to realize that true happiness is founded upon voluntary renunciation and joyful self-denial. Only thus I could gain the vision of an original harmony of the universe. I did not know yet that the greatest wisdom consisted of man's faith in divine grace and divine forgiving. I still suffered from the exaggerated evaluation of my own shortcomings and virtues. The icy crust that intellectual arrogance and narrow-minded complacency deposited around my heart was not yet melted. Without the vision of grace I still could not understand the prophet's saying: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Teaching and occasional writing could not fill my soul completely. My restlessness drove me into other lands. I was searching for God abroad as if His divine ubiquity could not delight us everywhere. I travelled through Europe, visited famous picture galleries, admired sculptural and architectural master pieces in venerably old cities and took delight in the bizarre sounds of foreign languages, the speaking knowledge of which has stood me in good stead in this country. I saw God's immortal creations flashing in the works of Rubens and Raffael. I saw His beautiful creation in the unforgettable landscapes of Italy, France and Switzerland. But all the treasures of art and scenery could not satisfy my longing for an absolute truth. Even my loftiest artistic experiences formed, as I am realizing now, but the lowest step on the ladder to God. I wanted, however, to climb to the top step. How could I? Had not all my attempts made turned to failures? And whither should I go? Between Amsterdam and Naples and between Paris and Budapest, I traversed Europe in all directions and there were but a few cathedrals I did not enter. I searched for God, I thanked Him, I tried to serve Him and to please Him everywhere. In the magnificent Gothic domes of France and Germany as well as in the humble village chapels of

Switzerland and Holland I felt the profoundest edification. I quickly won brethren in faith and devotion. I sang with Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, with Protestants, Jews, and Catholics, hymns in their mother tongues. I sang with Chechs, Hungarians, and Flemish people. I was delighted in worshipping the Lord in so many languages. Surely, He was the Father to all the nations. How they welcomed me in their churches and in their homes. I enjoyed their hospitalities and got to know their habits and customs. They supplied me with precious books and showed me the choicest treasures of their communities. Their hospitality linked my heart forever to their countries thus creating bonds which no force in the world could destroy.

Are not all religions, in the final analysis, just different roads to the one God who is enthroned beyond the clouds? Men call him according to their different languages Adonoi, Jehova, Lord, Gott, Christ, Allah, Ahimsah, and Ormuzd and according to their various philosophies they place Him into a Paradise, universe, cosmos, Elysium, Nirvana. All these names, however, express only one common longing for rest and tranquility after life's struggle and feverish labor. But while my friends drank from the cups of invigorating faith and worship I, an errant seeker, only sipped at their drinks. I felt like the eternal Jew who was dragging his people's misery from epoch to epoch without finding peace. My friends possessed homes, wives, and families and served high ideals in religion, art, or science which filled their hearts. But I remained a stranger at home and abroad. I got tired of reading for the mere sake of accumulating book knowledge. In the field of philosophy I noticed how each school rejected that of its predecessors. Even the philosophy professors were not able to find their way through the labyrinths of human mistakes. How absurd was their sophisticated chatting about God by splitting the one truth into countless atomistic parts and thereby chasing out the spirit of unity which they were searching for. In literature there dominated

the glorification of subhuman vice and in consequence of a superficial atheism the indulgence in a barren skepticism. History proved to be for any judicious mind a picture book with ever-recurrent mistakes, prejudices, and illusions. German theologians with their fanatic pursuit of a life after death degraded man to an incurable disease in the otherwise harmonious universe. What should I believe in? My search for truth drove me from science to art and from art to history, but the more I hunted for the one truth the more my life seemed to me a failure beyond repair. I still was not ready to free my heart from my egotistic forces and to dedicate it to the service of my fellow-men.

A new blow hit me: the brown plague of Nazism. My students, once very cooperative, turned now against me with contempt and anger. During instruction they started trampling and howling. Over night the Third Reich deprived me of my position for which I had acquired two Ph. D's. The storm troopers observed me day and night, consigning to me the dirtiest labor and accusing me of espionage because I wrote letters to my mother in T. They defiled or stole a considerable part of my books which I had been industriously collecting for thirty years. On the streets they stepped on my heels and spit into my face. I am still ashamed to speak about those who thought necessary to send all my dear ones to the gas chambers of Auschwitz. These brown rogues tortured us to the very last minute. At the station they snatched tickets for distant countries out of the hands of the emigres and chased them back into the concentration camps just when my poor friends believed they had survived the worst. To their lust for murder the Nazis added the most cruel ingenuity in concocting new tortures. The Germans seemed to have turned into a nation of sadistic maniacs. They ordered old Jews to the Danube Canal. There the victims had to march backwards into the river until they fell into the current and drowned. They strewed my friends' furniture out of the windows and enjoyed themselves and the sight of the burning

synagogues. I saw Nazi-handimen with buckets of gasoline marching into the Jewish temples; soon one saw from all the corners of Vienna flames arising out of the sacred places of my early worship. The crowd ran to the street and took delight in the blazing orgy of hatred. The gilded chandeliers, the golden carpets of the altars, and the sacred scrolls were lying defiled around in the street and the greedy mob was quarreling about its booty. It tore my heart asunder, but I did not weep. Tears? That meant despair, and thoughtless steps could cost my life. I endeavored with all my strength to maintain my human dignity and to stand above the dreadful events, thus preserving the clarity of my mind. I succeeded. I saw my Lord, the crucified Christ, with the eyes of my mind. His countenance, twitching convulsively in His indescribable grief, was directed toward me. He asked me with His divinely mild voice that shook my very being: "Why have they done this? These most ungrateful children of mine are going back into the darkness of their old pagan gods, forgetting or denying that it was I who led them out of the wilderness of their souls into the light of my Father."

In those days of terror Jesus was my constant companion and my only adviser. Thereby I pondered very often about Jewry and Germandom. My Jewish friends in Europe and in this country could not understand my love for Jesus. Baffled and distrustful, they asked me: "How could you believe in Jesus at a time when His impotence disclosed itself most clearly?" I could not refute their doubts; I could not prove my faith to them. My perception of Jesus came from the deepest springs of my heart. But they wanted visible evidence for His help. How could I prove to those who argued with their skeptical intellects a revelation that derived from my visionary longing and was therefore beyond any proof or argument? How could I make them believe that Jesus was my only light in those nights of darkness, that He was my only foothold, my only consolation in this brutish Germany obsessed by hatred and criminal

megalomania. All this was as clear to me as the light of the sun. But their eyes were stricken with blindness. They never saw the redeeming light that emanated from His face. I have read the sacred books of many a religion and enriched myself by delving into the wisdom of Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mohammed. Their human meekness and heroic faith in the good impressed me deeply. I would not be able to cross out of my memory one of these prophets without betraying myself. But Jesus excells them all with His suffering love for the whole of mankind. This faith endowed me with a wonderful power. The more they crucified Him in killing Jews, Communists, resisting pastors and priests, the dearer He became to my heart and the more I felt myself united with Him. After all, my wrestling for a firm faith was far more than sheer chance. To me the Christian faith fell not as an inherited finished product into my lap like that of the average Christian. I fought for my Christ in nights of doubt and anxiety. I struggled for His blessing as Jacob did on the heavenly ladder. Nor have I pushed aside my Jewish bonds as one discards a shabby overcoat. I am still clinging with all my strength to my Jewish parents and relatives through the bonds of my blood. But following Jesus I found in Christendom not an apostasy from, but a perfection of Judaism. I still stick to-day, as in my childhood, to the Jewish holidays and death rites as well as to the history and Hebrew language of my people. But like St. Paul I find in Christ an elevation of Jewish nationalism to universal brotherhood in Christ.

During the brown plague all Jewish students in high schools and colleges had to sit in the last benches (donkey benches). Just before my dismissal I had to experience that even my best Christian colleagues refused to teach Jewish students. These proud believers were the same who before the Nazi plague could not boast enough about Christian charity and tolerance which they considered the most wonderful idea of any religion; but at the invasion of the Nazi barbarians, they suddenly discovered their racial

pride which "forbade them to have Jewish students in their classes." The nationalistic professors, from the very beginning, shamelessly consented to all those subhuman persecutions. "It is the best way to exterminate this wicked race."

The spirit of the German people seemed to me completely irrational, and hopelessly entangled in tragic contradictions. The German nation had brought forth men like Goethe, Kant, and Beethoven but at the same time subhuman beings like Himmler, Hitler and G^obbels. Here the problem of a national dychotomy seemed to lie beyond the borders of my comprehension. Here I saw the highest degree of scientific exactness beside the wildest romanticism and cultism, the highest degree of sensitiveness beside the most bestial brutality of heart, the most thorough education beside worldpolitical illiteracy, the clearest intellect beside the most ignominious superstition, the most objective evaluation of foreign civilizations beside an ecstatic self-glorification, and the sublimest lyricism beside sadistic gangsterism. Certainly criminal instincts like lust for murder and genocide slumber in any nation and man lynching as well as massacres could be put into effect anywhere at any time since our civilization and culture is but the privilege of a very small minority and forms only a thin layer poorly covering the mighty powder keg of explosive mass instincts. But the Germans, in addition, are stricken with an inborn blindness for the sovereign dignity of foreign nations. For Germans, love does not mean the conquest of selfishness but on the contrary: selfishness which frees itself from anything that does not serve the glorification of the German race. The average German believes in and dreams of his own strength which in his madness for power he increases to gigantic proportions. For the sake of this self-glorification he magnifies every weakness in other nations and every virtue of his own. The nation of the best thinkers is at the same time that of the most dangerous megalomaniacs. The innate German disposition to self-deceit visualizing, as they do, their nation

as a particularly superior race supported by German myticism and their favorable geographical position has turned time and again to proportions amounting to world catastrophe. The German Bürger (citizen) brought up in the spirit of national infallibility does and cannot admit his guilt in his national debacles nor does he have the slightest feeling of meekness that leads to repentance but always considers any national disaster caused by the "Jews or other enemy aliens." I have translated hundreds of German Thank-you-letters for my American friends; in each letter the pitiable writer complains about the loss of his parents or children, his farm, home land, and fortune. But not once, even among the religious-minded Germans, did a writer confess his implicated or direct guilt and responsibility or merely Hitler's criminal madness and accept them as causes for his present misery.

I was disgusted at the sight of their shiny boots and uniforms, their marches and their deligious shouts while seeing Hitler; they were, indeed, slaves who needed a tyrant. They surrendered their God-given dignity to a paranoiac rogue. Their mighty and lovely Germany did not suffice for their happiness; they wanted to materialize their dreams of world domination, remembering their Golden Age of the Stauffers when the German sword held sway over almost all of Europe. They were waiting but for the signal of the Führer to plunge the world into misery and bloodshed exactly as they had done it throughout the ages: during the migration of the nations, during the Caroligians, Stauffers, Religious Wars, Fredrick the Great, and Bismarck. I detested their frenzied enthusiasm, their howling "Heil Hitler," their drunkenness and their mad fraternizations on the streets. At that time women snatched their mattresses out of their beds and took them to the Ringstrasse in order to await the Führer in a sweating and yelling exaltation. The Hitler youth was marching through the avenues and shouting at rhythmical intervals:

"Heil Hitler, let the Jews perish." And that was only the foretaste of the coming slaughter. I loathed these intoxicated mercenaries with their sparkling sabers and bayonets. The old German knights whose resplendent armor I had once admired in the museums and legends had turned into standardized murderous automatons. Man in Germany had attained that level of technical dehumanization which, indeed, debased him to the Dostoiewskyan louse. But I had to beware of this vision especially. For even these most abject images of God were His children. They too were my fellow-creatures in spite of their lowest standing in the hierarchy of the universe. Also for them was valid the old, tremendously significant word: That are Thou.

In the terror-ridden month of November I received the official notice of my dismissal saying: "On account of your Jewish extraction you are not fit any longer to maintain your teaching profession." Signed by the Educational Board of Vienna. Also in this blow I did not see any personal humiliation but a sign of divine Providence. For my profession had entirely ceased to be an educational activity. The Nazi-plague had destroyed all the splendor and beauty that a humanistic education once bestowed upon Austrian youth. The students, accepting the doctrines of the Third Reich with methodical German thoroughness, turned into gangsters who, in addition, for expert torturing and murdering received their training at specialized Nazi-universities. I was sorry for those I knew because one had robbed them of their Christian faith, their piety and reverence for God and parents and had forced them to parade for hours on end until they contracted heart trouble and sore flat feet. It is an ironic tragedy of fate that sons of the most enthusiastic colleagues died of these diseases which necessarily cooled off their parents' ardor for Hitler.

With me, Christian colleagues were dismissed who could not prove conclusively their gentile-

ancestry and naturally all the Jewish fellow-professors had to leave, perishing in concentration camps and in gas chambers. I visualized that upon all these injustices Jesus was looking with pained disgust. It seemed to Him, as I believed, particularly unbearable that also His faithful children had given their loud or silent consent to the massacres. My Lord shook His head in despair at an insane mankind. Again I felt that He was the only one who understood my being incapable of hatred toward these God-forsaken creatures in spite of all the tortures they had inflicted upon me. I had to wash their dirty cars. They rushed into my home at midnight and forced me to walk far distances without an overcoat in the cold and snowy winter nights. Sometimes I tried to hate them for the mere sake of ridding myself of the tremendous pressure they had imposed upon my heart. But I couldn't. I realized at once that hatred deprived me of my disposition to embrace the whole world, as it was, with the fullness of its pains. I thought that any aberration from this God-given path would alienate me from Christ and His love that belonged also to His most miserable creatures. The only emotion I could muster for my torturers was boundless pity. They did not know what they were doing. I knew all too well many of those young men clad in brown uniforms. They dwelt mostly in slums, jammed in miserable one-room apartments with their large families. They had no playgrounds; like our negroes, they lacked any outlet for their enormous vitality. They felt no joy of life and had no elevating goals in life. Life had become a drab routine. Long before the Nazi invasion they had been taught by their nationalistic teachers that they were "ruled and exploited by an alien Jewish minority" notwithstanding the fact that hundred thousands of Jews lived in much worse ghetto-slums. Then all of a sudden the Führer's slogan that the "German dignity can be achieved by the liquidation of the Jews" revitalized their dying hopes and brought forth an explosion of their slumbering criminal instincts. Now thanks to the Führer they had a

real mission in this world: German world hegemony at all costs. Life became to them "wonderful" again!

As a Jewish underdog I was appointed to a Jewish school where for "future liquidation" the whole Jewish youth was driven together like cattle for slaughter. The essential difference, however, was that cattle are carefully fed before slaughter while these Jewish boys and girls were starved to death. In school during the intermissions these children collapsed because of undernourishment. Over night they had become orphans because their parents had been carried off to concentration camps or mental asylums "for liquidation." Like sheep gone astray these youngsters wandered through the big cities, pale, depressed, weeping, hopeless. In truth, they turned out to be an unextinguishable shame for our civilization. We teachers tried everything we possibly could with our limited means. We shared our food with them, we secured resting places for these tired souls and emaciated bodies. We participated in emigration organizations for these children who were afraid to go to hospitals knowing that they faced liquidation there. Our best Christian friends were afraid to help them. Only foreign countries with their entrance permits saved their lives. But before their departure they had to stand a last test of their nerves and resistance power. One day our school was on fire. Nazi-rowdies had sneaked into our school at night, throwing incendiary bombs into the toilets and then--in typical Nazi-tradition--putting the blame upon the Jews. After the destruction of our school the last contact with my Jewish pupils and colleagues through school channels was abolished.

As far as my friends were still alive they had lost their faith, anyhow, in those apocalyptic days. Having grown cynical and embittered they did not think of an absolute power any more. Their hopes were entirely burnt out. Some of them who still were pondering explained our misery by means

either of a Zionist or a socialist-materialistic interpretation of history. The Zionists declared that "pogroms had to recur as long as we lacked our own land; for as strangers on foreign soil we were bound to generate anti-Semitism." The Marxists held that "pogroms and wars will come in historical cycles as long as racial persecution remains the source of German prosperity." But upon me shone the merciful countenance of our Redeemer again and again. The mere possibility of receiving His grace turned out to be to me the source of an endless reassurance and renewed hope. Was I not nearest to Him when I suffered most painfully because of those who did not know what they were doing?

One day my best friend, a linguistic scholar, was picked up at random with 600 other Jews on the street and thrown into prison. They had driven together all Jewish passers-by between the ages of 12 and 60 years. After robbing and beating them they had brought them with the Black Maria into a riding school where they were crammed together without any bread and water, freezing in the stenchy horse manure and exercising day and night at the whistle of the storm trooper commander until they yielded to death or insanity. All this happened for the fun of some Nazi-roguers who made these raids out of mere boredom. My Lord saw all this; He saw their lust for murder and the misery of my brethren. Nothing was hidden from Him: "Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shines as the day. The darkness as the light are both alike to thee." Psalm 139:12. Thus my Lord also knew the future of the German and the Jewish people. The name of the Lord be praised! I never shall get tired of praising the name of the Lord. His will is my own. Today I can understand more clearly the will of my Lord. Today Germany lies smashed down, dismembered, occupied by foreign powers, plundered, enslaved, and split into two parts forever, outlawed with Cain's stigma on its forehead and the lowest neighbor is allowed to spit on her.

As a national power Germany never will again obtain the lead. Her only possibility of redemption lies in her returning to God. Only He is able to restore her dignity. And the Jewish nation? They have survived again. In spite of their losses in lives, they are spiritually stronger than ever before. The Lord sent them the Nazi plague in order to purify their hearts in the most painful purgatory a nation ever had to endure. The orthodox Jews dispersed all over the world had always maintained a spiritual center: their Bible. But what is left over for Germany? "Animals praise the Lord through their beauty but man He gave the word." The Germans, however, have used the word to blaspheme and to dethrone Him. What else could hurt the Lord more deeply than the ingratitude of His German children whom He mercifully had led out of their dark forests raising them to the top of the nations. In retaliation they scorned Him as a "Jew" and a stranger to their German-Nordic race. That was the worst crucifixion He ever endured. For He had sent them His most devoted apostles and missionaries. He had given them the most beautiful cloisters out of which grew the world famous universities. He gave them talent, inventiveness, vision, energy, and above all, a rich and wonderful country with a host of unparalleled scholars, poets, philosophers and composers who have glorified His name forever. But the Nazis turned universities into war camps, art, music, and poetry into war propaganda and Christian religion into an absurd national myth. Thus they wanted to prove to the world that they owed nothing to the Jew, Jesus, but everything to themselves. Now their fate is the most striking evidence that a nation no less than an individual cannot thrive without the Lord's love that He planted deeply into our hearts. We have to have something to which we can look upward in order to rise to an absolute value. Human force, however big it may be, has always collapsed without faith in something that raises man above himself. This "something" cannot lie in man; he must receive it from above as grace, as mercy, as forgiveness; it is a gift for his meekness. One may

call this faith God, Jesus or Heaven. Names are not essential. But what matters is man's longing for that absolute and definite goal that leads us to higher and higher peaks of perfection and teaches us that the undeniable beauty and harmony of this universe can only derive from a Being that is incomparably stronger and wiser than we and whose divine existence we can deduct from the lawfulness of all cosmic phenomena.

I visited the widows of my friends, whispered to them in their cold and plundered apartments about future mornings without tears, about a future sky without clouds. But sadly I recognized that I could not help them because their hearts were frozen. They smiled bitterly or burst into tears. They had forsaken the Lord. Meekly I sneaked to former Nazi-colleagues begging them with all the strength of my soul for the release of my Jewish friends from prisons and forced labor camps. Even when Nazis exhibited some sympathy they had not the courage to practice it, or they would have been accused of friendship with Jews. Then I would uneasily walk home where the janitor already was waiting for me at the entrance door saying: "You better keep away from your home. They are lying in wait for you." With the Lord in my heart and the Bible in my pocket I would roam through the Viennese woods strengthening my heart in feverish prayers and asking for an end to this shame. Over-night I would hide between rocks, nourishing my starving body with bread crumbs and chewing tobacco. For then even the most primitive needs of human life were forbidden to Jews. We were neither allowed to go to restaurants nor to sit on public benches. As we were not wearing the swastika tag it was easy to identify us at once as Jews. We were allowed to walk only through the slums. As an isolated bachelor I had neither a place nor the ability to cook. Once in a while I dared to enter a grocery store. All the looks were focused upon me with fear and disgust. For I must have looked pale and emaciated. I was happy when the grocer deigned to notice me and to sell

me some rancid butter or rotten bananas that were destined to be thrown into the garbage can. Jewish conversations were spied upon day and night by neighbors or street detectives. Whenever I met a friend, our first precaution concerned the answer which we would give the detective in case he separated and inquired us about our conversation. We would agree on telling the detective that we were talking on Shakespeare or another innocent topic.

In the meantime the Nazis had turned to raging animals of prey. All my friends had disappeared. That they still left me alive seems to me a miracle up to this very day. I came to the point where I surrendered my will entirely to the Lord who, as I learned through hard lessons, directs all human destinies, who counts the stars in heaven and the sand grains on the bottom of the sea and for whom the lowest worm is just as important as man. Him I followed blindly. Continuously He comforted me in the midst of that Nazi-inferno. I heard only His precious voice. No word can suggest His power in my life; no prayer of thanks, however warmly it may pour out of my heart, can depict His glory manifested in my feeling of absolute serenity. He was, is, and will be my staff, my faith, the absolute and constant law of my life, the power of the good that ultimately triumphs over all our self-inflicted misery. This belief granted me in that hubbub of human insufficiency a serene clarity of my mind as no human art can bring it forth.

During those days death was approaching me closer and closer. I knew it was a question of days until they would drag me to forced labor. My gentle acquaintances were wondering that I was still alive and even free. Friends abroad, especially my brother in London reproached me with neglect and imprudence for delaying my emigration efforts. But day and night I was busily writing hundreds of letters to Sweden, U. S. and Australia after the Nazis' haunting me in my home had stopped. I addressed all those of the same name and begged them

to consider that I might be a relative of theirs. In the meantime, my brother tried his utmost to secure for me an entrance permit to Great Britain that since childhood had been one of my dreams. Soon I received from merciful people in Pennsylvania an affidavit which was followed by the entrance permit for England. I sold all my furniture which had been so difficult to acquire. Then I put a suit, one pair of shoes and two shirts besides some books into my wooden box which later (almost entirely crushed) arrived in New York City. For the last time I hugged one surviving friend, and without being able to see my mother I went to the airfield. Before the departure I had to go to a custom office and to undress entirely. A former student examined my few belongings meticulously trying to humiliate me as much as possible. This boy certainly had no reason to do so. I had supported him more than the other students. I had secured scholarships, student trips and valuable books for him. But the Nazi-plague had infected his heart too. Half naked I ran away from my torturer because the Dutch plane became impatient and had whistled twice already. Exhausted, I arrived at the plane, took breathlessly my seat. A third and final whistle followed and off we flew.

It was a gorgeous March morning. The sun beamed in full beauty over hills and meadows which like divine designs spread beneath me--Austrian soil I had loved so much. Gazing at the bright and cloudless sky I thanked my Lord for His unfailing assistance. Without His grace I should never have succeeded in escaping the gas chambers. I was not aware of the slightest merit. On the contrary; a long time I had lived without worshipping Him. Not until utter disgrace and despair had choked me, had I returned to Him. Thousands had been better, stronger, richer, and deeper in their love to the Lord and they had had to die. Inscrutable, indeed, are the ways of the Lord. Praise the Lord! I changed in Rotterdam spending half of my remaining funds--one dollar--for a cup of coffee and a piece of cake which I enjoyed thoroughly. After crossing the English channel with a

good view of the English coast I arrived at the London airfield. I jumped the first one out of the plane and in a fit of overwhelming gratitude I threw myself upon the English soil and kissed it, weeping hot tears while my brother and his son tried to pick me up.

In England I let loose my emotions. My life from now on ought to be one enthusiastic service to the Lord. Again I recognized that all our hopes do not rest upon "progress and development" but upon transformation. There was nothing in myself to be developed. For the Lord had already bestowed upon me all the treasures of His perfect love at my very birth. I was supposed but to transform His gift into a living power. It is definitely not our searching mind but our ready love that brings us redemption. Intellectually I was "overdeveloped" to the point of degeneration. Physically I was emaciated to the point of mere skin and bones. I had grown so weak that any child could knock me down. As to my intellect, since the first awakening of my mind I had snatched up all available knowledge with German thoroughness but it had not brought me one step nearer to my peace of mind. On the contrary; all my intellectual pursuits created but deeper and deeper conflicts. Now for the first time I recognized that only *generatio spontanea* mattered, i. e. a transformation conditioned by an inner and natural growth which is the revelation of God's love. What I had lacked hitherto, was the complete casting my heart upon God and a fearless glance into my own depths. Only a square facing of my inborn wickedness and surrender to God's will makes salvation possible. Only constant self-searching preserves that thin layer of meekness around our hearts out of which grows our spontaneous need for prayer. But most men have forgotten how to pray because that thin layer around their hearts has been destroyed by the continuous infiltration of materialistic idols. Was I different? Had not my whole life been determined by sensual and material motives? Not until I had arrived in England was I able to gain complete

command over the forces of evil. Here I regained freedom of thought and worship. Thou be blessed forever, O green island of liberty. Thou hast given back to me the bread of my soul. Thou hast calmed down the wild waves that constant fear of persecution caused to roll over me. The nights are no longer laden with shudders of anxiety. My eyes are allowed to see thy green and sunny hills and I can see the stars without swastika-bedecked planes. What is happiness after all? Is it not, basically, the crass contrast of all that which man in his shortsightedness strives for in order to possess it: influence and power? Is happiness not the complete renunciation of these false gods that restrict our true liberty? What else is true liberty but the comprehension and the materialization of Christ's love? Was this discovery not my Lord's reward for all my tortures?

With this insight I left my brother's kindly home for Bristol. There one day I knocked at the door of a noble Christian lady whose name I had heard in Vienna. As long as I breathe she will live in my memory as a modern saint. She was about 70 years old and very fragile. With difficulty she stepped from one room into the other, was hard of hearing and her long hands trembled always. But the flame of religious devotion shone brightly out of her eyes and resounded in her words which lent her personality a definite character. She asked neither for my race nor for my religion. For she knew that I was a refugee whom the misery of his people had driven from land to land. She simply said: "In Christ's name you are welcome!" She showed me the power of prayer. First my mother had unveiled to me the magic might of a living faith. But the restless years of my youth had swept away her teachings. What was left over was only a fading glitter of my childhood's faith. But this fading ember my hostess fanned into a new flame. She gave me back the pious sense of my youth. With boundless joy I embraced Christianity by baptism. Daily I strengthened my soul by rigorous Puritan prayers either at home

or in the cathedral. She helped me to continue my search for God finding, as I did, a definite and substantial faith strengthened by meekness and self-denial. With her help I got to know some magnificent churches of England by travelling to neighboring cities. She encouraged my English language studies and softened my German accent during cosy winter evenings while I was reading Dickens to her. She took me to university lectures and encouraged me in my first attempts to write about my religious experiences. She secured private students of German for me. Through her I got acquainted with university professors and outstanding clergymen who often invited me into their homes for inspiring conversations. She wept when I had to leave her. She also introduced me to a woman who expressed her Christian faith in the strictest self-denial. In spite of her poverty she had given up her position in a munition factory because she could not harmonize her faith in Christ's love for mankind with the production of murderous weapons. Losing her income she turned completely indigent and tried to make ends meet by translating books of foreign languages with the help of her sick mother. This young lady invited me to her frugal meals, supported me in every way possible and wrote to me later in this country. Surely her life was an adequate expression of Christian faith. She was the first Quaker I met.

It was also the Quakers who invited me into their unpretentious and godly homes. In their surroundings I realized for the first time that genuine tolerance necessarily comes from a Christian heart. Here I found the adequate climate for my soul. Here I felt as happy and carefree as a child at mother's. Over a cup of coffee European scholars spent the most delightful evenings with these Quakers. Their encouragement and friendly care freed us from the chains that fear of new persecutions had imposed upon us. It did not make any difference to them whether we were Jews, Christians, Moslems, or Hindus. They simply served Jesus in being kind

to any poor and needy. How happy I felt in receiving respect and kindness from real Christians. I forgot all the wickedness and malice of that megalomaniac rabble rouser and his hangmen. In England I had the feeling of living on a blissful island undisturbed by man's wishes for career, prestige and wealth. The Quakers taught me that beyond all the conquests in the fields of art and science there is an inner light, revealing that the knowledge of ourselves is unseparably united with our knowledge of God; that all our dreams of power and influence burst like soap bubbles unless they have their foundation in our fear of God and in our love for men.

With this experience behind me, I left the country of Christian hospitality and generosity, betook myself as one among 500 immigrants to the Cunard Star Line boat, Samaria, in Liverpool and went to the New World. All passengers I came to know were talking about their prospective positions, relations, connections, and money transactions. I got dizzy of this kind of conversation. Thus I preferred to retreat to a corner and to observe the restless play of winds, waves, and currents. Far away at the horizon I saw with my mind's eye the beautiful figure of our Redeemer, rising above the clouds and covering the whole firmament. Between ocean and heaven, endless like both, was floating His spirit. His countenance was beaming in a mild cosmic light and was following our boat. With an unforgettable expression, a half friendly smile and a half concealed grief, above winds and waves He whispered into my ear: "Come on, Fred! Come on! I am with thee!" The dim imagination of God's creative spirit floating over the waters which as a child I had already received while reading Genesis grew to definite clarity at the calming sight of the endless sea and sky and the harmonious motions of clouds, waves, and winds. Never before nor afterwards had the Creator revealed Himself more convincingly than during this sea-crossing. In the rhythmical changes of day and night, low and high tide, in the currents and winds I discovered the law of the whole universe: love and harmony. Never

have I experienced more vividly the fact that from the minutest water drop up to the most gigantic formations of land and sea everything was made by a boundless love and harmony which in eternal cosmic rhythms penetrates the cosmos. I felt privileged of being a part of this cosmic whole. For the first time I witnessed the visible existence of an all-pervading harmony and lawfulness of which also my little self was a part. I realized that the smallest wave was moving according to the same law which governed the mighty currents of the oceans that in turn followed the same cosmic energies which directed my thoughts and my motions. I discovered that nature was a well proportioned whole and, that that which we name liberty, fundamentally, rests upon order, harmony, and limitation to which all phenomena are subordinated. I remembered that from the psalmist on to Walt Whitman all poets have been praising this harmonious universe. And where was God? He was in and above all creeds; in the reflection of a visible but inscrutable universe, in the incomprehensible splendor of this world. And when the physicists prove that matter-energy is increasable to the nth degree I feel certain that this law also applies to the endlessly increasable energies of the spirit. The spiritual atoms within us working with all their forces as dreams and wishes can be increased without end. Both matter and mind are charged with illimited energies for our lasting happiness. One law governs the universe: that of unity and harmony. The heavenly kingdom is attainable here and now and can give man lasting peace to-day. He only needs to vitalize his God-given energies. He must be born again.

The most beautiful quality God has given man is his humble astonishment at and his longing for the incomprehensible. It is not the intellect that pushes forward in self-assured pride of its own achievements but the meek submission to the wonders of God's creation which matters in our conquest of nature. Our sincere astonishment at His thousandfold manifestations is true religiousness; it is the power which draws us above. He who cannot wonder is not only

irreligious but also as good as dead. He who does not possess this mystic longing for identification of himself with God's wondrous world remains a stranger in His creation. Whoever he may be, a preacher, a teacher, an artist or scientist, his creative work does not start until with astonishment he realizes the wonders round about him. With closed eyes and a dead heart he never will grasp the beauty of this world and its Creator. Great achievements result from a creative imagination. Each invention or discovery is based upon a hypothesis, i. e. a creative vision which presumes a higher, mere guessed at perfection in a certain field. This guessing of more perfect conditions than perceived by our limited senses is, basically, mystic and indispensable for creative search. Man's disposition to divine a perfect and harmonious unity behind the contradicting multitudes of this phenomenal world proves to be his highest gift, his creative vision. Out of his mystic longing man creates those ideals and postulates that mock all arguments; their indisputable truth lies in the visionary power of strong personalities. Therefore we should not rationally question their revelations but meekly accept them in good faith. Since all is one creative science cannot contradict creative faith. The problems of the outer world, solved or unsolved, are but the problems of our inner world. What else is our own harmony but a mirror of the cosmic harmony? And blessed are those who in the spaceless dimensions of their outer and inner world visualize the rule of one divine love. More precious than all the jewels of this world is our realization that we are a part of this divine harmony which carries and supports us just as the mighty ocean carries and supports the minute water drops of every wave. Those who have this feeling of a cosmic at-homeness are walking safely along the high road of life with grandios and never disturbed serenity. For them the universe is not a strange It but a familiar Thou. And with those rhythms of harmony and love God has imbued our hearts and most generously His only begotten son, Jesus Christ. That fact was

never clearer to me than at the sight of the endless ocean. What is the heart of Christ, cosmically visualized, but the highest pulse beating of love and harmony in a human heart that attained divine perfection.

Is it not natural that the statue of liberty in front of gigantic Manhattan seemed to me like a symbol of Christ Himself offering the torch of love and mercy to all those who came to this shore of liberty heavy laden and destitute but willing to believe in Him? What courage came to me from the salute of the goddess of liberty!

The boat approached the harbor hastily. All the passengers recognized their relatives or friends on the pier. Everybody left hurriedly, embracing his loved ones in the New World. Nobody expected me except the statue of liberty. Nobody came to me. I felt alone in this entirely strange world. I was afraid. But again through my trembling heart flashed the apparition of my Redeemer. Again I heard His unforgettable, mild words: "Fred, I am with you!" Again His voice generated a current of bright light in my soul. In the meantime, the boat became empty and as I was looking around embarrassedly, a young girl, at top speed, was running along the wharf yelling repeatedly: "Mr. Neumann, Where is Mr. Neumann? Mr. Neumann!" And she took me by the arm and led me to the Christian Harbor Committee. There I learned from an elderly lady that my friends in Bristol had informed this committee about my arrival. The lady supplied me with an American prayer book. She certainly knew how to handle immigrants. For she gave me everything a poor immigre needed for the first days. Again I felt the Lord's omnipotence in the ups and downs of my life. I clearly recognized the Law of Providence that directed my steps and adjusted all my decisions to a purposeful life. God's presence could not better manifest itself than during those first days of my stay in New York. I divined that Christianity, here, indeed, formed a world brotherhood.

New York City impressed me considerably by its size as well as its international grandeur. But walking on the hard pavement I had a premonition of the hardness of my future struggle. It became quite clear to me that this country in contrast to leisurely aristocratic England was the country of the pitiless "help yourself". It was a mild Sunday afternoon in April. The sun shone gorgeously upon Broadway. I felt the burning desire to thank the Lord for the safe journey and for his liberation from Nazi-tyranny. I turned toward Central Park and was looking for a church. In my growing urge to embrace the Lord, I knocked at the door of the church. Nobody was moving inside. I knocked more loudly and kept on knocking until my knuckles started burning. I had the feeling that now or never I had to talk with my Lord. When my knocking proved to be in vain, I flung myself with my dwindling force against the huge door so that it rattled and creaked within. Then suddenly I heard hurrying steps. The sexton was amazed that somebody wanted to pray between the official service hours. In front of the pulpit I fell upon my knees, thanked the Lord for my new life and asked humbly for His further guidance in this strange metropolis. After I left I felt so strong that I could embrace the whole world.

I could start my life with prayer in the New World. Help was offered me from all sides, at the beginning. In the magnificent cathedrals I met pastors who delighted me with their sermons not less than with their spontaneous hospitality. When I shook hands with them after services my pale face and my broken English made them realize that I was a needy stranger - and they showed their Christian love in the most tactful manner. Words cannot express my sincere gratitude for these men of God. It was they who throughout the hardest time of adjustment smoothed my path. It was they who gave me the impression that the gospel of love is still alive in America.

The small weekly allowance I received from the Christian Committee sufficed for my weekly rent

of a room plus breakfast, and I was saved from starvation. At that time I also met the most honorable Rev. Riley (who in the meantime has succumbed to heart trouble.) I was not only his frequent guest at dinner but also became his friend. My conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Riley turned to the most invigorating elixirs of life. Their natural kindness and intellectual interests made me realize that I, the Austrian outcast, had the right to become a useful American. Through his help I succeeded in seeing the Quakers in Philadelphia. The first interview with them, already, proved to me that they were stewards who, deeply imbued by Christian ethics were able to help the confused and inexperienced immigrant with both planning and energy. Thereby they made use of their long experience and financial means. First of all, they asked about my curriculum vitae which took no less than two hours. From grade school up to my two doctor's degrees in languages and in political science I had to report about all my teaching subjects and publications. This cross examination, tiring though it was, gave me back the feeling of my human dignity and my purpose in life which the Nazis had tried to destroy so methodically. I also realized that America far more than England was a country of incessant labor and energetic self-help. Self-help! That was it! The Quakers wanted me like thousands of other refugees to stand on my own feet so that I could fit into the gigantic clock-work of American economy as soon as possible. For all the expelled European scholars the Quakers made applications to hundreds of colleges and universities.

Nevertheless, as time went on, I felt a steadily growing pressure caused by my jobless situation. Supports and invitations gradually stopped and that was all right. My life which little by little was deteriorating forced me to pull myself together and to put forth the utmost effort. I went from one school agency to another, day by day with a poorly filled stomach. And there are quite a number of agencies in Fifth Avenue itself. My inadequate English disqualified me at the first word I spoke to the agents.

But I kept on going. I stubbornly refused to admit that all these interviews were a waste of time. Nostalgia for my old teaching profession pressed me inexorably toward a decision. I went to international relief work organizations after I had exhausted all the teaching-, tutoring-, and camp possibilities. With my last three dollars I put an ad into the New York Times, seeking a job as a tutor. Everything in vain! In the monstrous New York telephone directory there were very few addresses of educational or religious agencies which I had not visited. At last I arrived at the International Student Organization. The secretary was sorry - as the secretaries usually are. She did not surprise me with her business-like indifference but I surprised her with my spontaneous outburst: "I have to get a job even if it is the most abominable and dirtiest one. I did not come to this country in order to die of starvation. I could have done that more easily in Hitler's Europe. Please advise me!" She telephoned and found out that there was a vacancy in a Brooklyn boarding school with a kindergarten. The next day I showed my "credentials" to the lady who ran the kindergarten. I accepted the position of a fairy tale-teller. The children stricken with skin diseases (not contagious) were awfully neglected, spoiled and impudent. They insulted me in the rudest manner. The only means of keeping them quiet was my telling them fairy tales throughout the whole day. Their busy parents cared little for them. They saw their children once a week in a hurry. Many a problem in this country's family and school lives became clear to me when I saw these parents who themselves needed badly an elementary education. I was assigned to wash these poor children in an unspeakably filthy bathroom which like the Augeas stable never seemed to have been cleaned. Sunday morning I had two hours off. Naturally, I rushed to the nearby church and sought and found a refuge in the stillness of its service like a drowning swimmer finds a foothold on a cliff in a whirlpool. It

was a Catholic church with its mystic symbols of bells and incense, perfectly beyond my comprehension. But the sacred seclusion of the place, the opportunity of praying and rediscovering myself in prayer far from the kindergarten was a balm for my strained nerves. The children there were, of course, innocent. They were victims of parents who had neither time for their youngsters nor for themselves but only for money making. Besides, my English was so miserable that I could not even tell them at night that they should be quiet. In my ward until 10:00 p.m. there was an infernal noise and I did not know how to stop them realizing well that I would lose my job. I just could not find the words until an American teacher from the neighboring room dropped in and commanded: "Stop talking!" That was the magic formula, that silenced them right away. This is only one example of my complete inability to deal with children in the English language at that time. I noticed how little the fact proved that I could read Shakespeare in English.

I continued visiting Rev. Riley in Zion Church, Douglaston. He advised me urgently to quit the kindergarten for the sake of my academic future. He drew my attention to the opening of a Friends' Seminar for displaced scholars in Wolfeboro, N. H. But it cost even with a scholarship 80 dollars. That seminar offered a unique opportunity for brushing up and teaching my old subjects in the English language and for studying American methods of teaching. In addition, the Friends had selected a staff of excellent professors. All this was wonderful. But where to get eighty dollars? And was it really wise to give up even this miserable kindergarten job for the mere hope of getting a better one? I had made my living there. The lady promised me a beautiful summer camp plus improvement of my salary which amounted to fifty dollars per month then. I had my food there and a roof over my head and a bed to put my tired head upon. But Mr. Riley said I would degenerate in the kindergarten and lose my academic future for ever, and he was right. I

was ashamed of my lack of faith after all the manifestations of the Lord's unfailing help. No sooner said than done! My motto from now on was: Wolfenboro, at any price. With typical American kindness my friends lent me the required amount after a couple of days, and off I went.

The seminar, located in one of the most delightful districts of this country, lasted six weeks. An intellectual élite from Austria, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Italy was gathered there: judges, ministers, rabbis, philosophers, playwrights, naturalists, teachers, painters, and musicians. They all felt happy under the guidance of the Friends. We all enjoyed the quiet morning prayers in the auditorium of a school that with its numerous buildings served as a fine home for us.

Meditations, lectures, meals, studies, all kinds of sport and educational outings formed our daily schedule. Above all these activities floated the spirit of Quaker-hospitality which met their ends entirely: each scholar found a job afterwards. Thereby we learned how to appreciate the religious spirit of the Friends. Certainly also their faith rests upon the Holy Scripture. But how freely, deeply and humanly they interpreted the Bible! Not its dry letter but its living spirit struck our minds. No other meditation than that of the Friends could stir the very roots of my religious feelings. In the early morning when the sun was still hovering over the beautiful hills and meadows thus reaffirming the Lord's ubiquity so splendidly we would sit in silent contemplation, that brought each of us back to his divine self; then somebody would rise to his feet and tell us what his silent prayer had unveiled to him. I shall never forget that morning service when a very dignified old man, directing his look toward the sunny hills started reciting the words of the Spirit in Goethe's Faust:

In the currents of life, in action's storm
I float and I wave
With billowy motion!

Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving

Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply
And weave the life-garment of deity.

Was that not my religion too? Had not my vision of God also been kindled by the spirit of nature? How miserably I felt disillusioned by contrast when later in the South fundamentalists rejected this divine pantheism as paganism. But how happy I felt always thinking of the Friends. With them, all roads lead to God if we walk upon them in true humility and if they kindle the kindly light that leads us to God.

Here, with the Friends, I was privileged to worship my Lord Jesus as I saw Him. Here I had not to listen to old fashioned patterns of prayers, empty litanies, and prefixed sermons that were authorized and ordered by some byrocratic headquarters. Here everybody could be his own interpreter of the Lord's word and could offer it to his friends for their spiritual enrichment. Here there was a mutual giving and receiving of divine inspiration that always centered in Jesus' divinity. It was a truly democratic service that secured for every faithful worshipper the right to interpret his vision of God according to his own religious nature. It was so inspiring because everybody's prayer had the touch of spontaneity and creativeness.

For extra work in English I came to a Miss Brecht who introduced me into the secrets of American idiomatic expressions, a subject that was of tremendous importance for my future. Soon I found out that she had studied in Germany. Indeed, she was an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe and spoke a beautiful, fluent German. My depressions, caused by giving up a safe job in Brooklyn, yielded to new courage and hope through her influence. Her charming pronunciation of my mother tongue pleased me very much. The poetry of my homeland which after religion was most sacred to my heart, I was

allowed to recite to her, and she responded with sincere appreciation. The loneliness which started to freeze me vanished little by little, and my heart found a natural home in her quiet and humble nature. Her ancestors had also been expelled from Europe. Above all, it was her profound sympathy for persecuted minorities which attached me to her. As I learned later, she has also helped to finance this Friends' seminar with her small salary. After all, at the age of 45 I had grown fairly sick of my being alone. The new country, the foreign language and the pressing urge for a new existence made me wish a life companion who had the courage to share my uncertain lot. She was ready to do it. After Friends' seminar, I worked on a farm: later, I tried to get my living by giving private lessons, translations. Everything in vain!

One day I received from the Friends in Philadelphia a telephone message that at the Western Carolina Teachers' College in Cullowhee, N. C. a guest teacher position for the German language and European History was vacant but without pay. I accepted gladly. After a week I faced the problem of lecturing on the ancient Egyptians in English. Upon this first attempt, naturally, my future position as an American teacher was dependent. Once again all my personal efforts, my enthusiasm and my struggle for adequate self-expression seemed to me perfectly insufficient. My English was and remained miserable; my knowledge of idioms, my pronunciation and presentation were distinctly inadequate. I was alone in my guestroom and felt frustrated in every respect. My creator knew my trouble. He also knew that my future happiness was dependent on today's success. He knew my burning desire to continue my old teaching profession in the New World. He knew my determination not to marry Elinor until I had solid ground under my feet. Just now I needed confidence in my strength, a sure faith in my success which never could derive from my poor abilities. My Lord and I knew that very well. Therefore I needed His grace. I

begged Him with all my fervor. I threw myself to the floor, and kneeling, I prayed with all my might. I praised my creator who had saved me from the Nazi-dungeons and brought me happily to the shores of this free country. It could not possibly be His will to doom my new life to failure. I asked Him to help me this time, He who with His voice had always revealed to me the law of my life. Gradually, I felt how the dew of His grace was freshening my anxious spirit. An inner light began to shine in my heart; a new hope and confidence had arisen. Eventually, I felt gigantic forces growing in myself. I arose, transformed and reborn. Determined and guided by my Saviour; meekly but with a strong faith I walked into the classroom. I began to speak in English about the Egyptians. Slowly and anxiously my English words loosened themselves from my lips. At first I had to translate every word from my German mother tongue into English. I did so like a child that starts speaking for the first time. I was looking at my students and at my supervising professor in the last row. Nobody laughed. I felt relieved. Little by little I succeeded in freeing myself from the textbook I had studied by heart. The Lord had helped me to find my own English words.

Long ago He had inspired me to identify myself with all the religions and nations I had experienced personally or historically. Thus I was able to be a Jew, a Christian, a Moslem, A Brahman, or a Stoic at the same time. And since I had been brought up in the polyglot Austrian empire I also could sympathize with all persecuted minorities like the Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs and Poles. In this country I accepted Negroes, Jews, Japanese, and Chinese with the same love. Since my early youth I had been dreaming of a world in which every individual is a world citizen. And which country could help me better to materialize these wishful dreams than America where the Persians, Arabs, Hindus and Mongols spoke the same American English with the same cosmopolitan consciousness as Ghandhi and Einstein.

This conception of my attachment to one world strengthened me with new courage--and behold! I started speaking with ease and enjoyment. This hour was passing by like so many crucial hours of my life. At last the bell rang; everybody got up and congratulated me on my first teaching success. How much encouraging kindness and how much objective judgment lay in the words I still cannot decide. At any rate, I praised the Lord who had helped me now just as in combat and during the Nazi-massacres. My faith in Him always had proved to be right. His voice always whispered into my ear: "Fred, I am with you!"

The fine Christian atmosphere of that college reflected the democratic spirit of the American constitution which not only on paper but also in every-day life secured freedom and all the opportunities of a harmoniously growing youth, but only for the white, to be sure. The democratic relation between teachers and students impressed me as being charming and natural. The sometimes unbridled arguing and freely exhibited love-making surprised me at the beginning. But it was also the expression of a sound and wholesome democratic way of living that prevented any kind of psychic suppression, an evil that I regretted in the suppressed spirit of Austrian youth where educational institutions with their rigid military discipline reminded me more of barracks than of colleges, with many valuable students who were lacking in that charm and "joie de vivre" which characterizes American youth. I fully shared their joy of life in a hitherto unknown measure. I felt reborn by contact with American vitality and I made many applications for a paid position at various colleges. Students and colleagues helped me in typical Southern comradeship.

The next school year I began my paid teaching in S., N. C. as an instructor in Latin and French. My beautiful wedding took place in the Schwenkfelder Church in Norristown, Pa. Elinor who on

account of my minute income still was forced to keep her job visited me in S. or we met at times in Richmond, Va. I spent the holidays with her in Norristown. I talked on my religious experience in our college chapel, in neighboring schools, churches, and clubs. Thus I felt with growing self-confidence that religious colleges and communities increased my new hopes enormously.

My rebirth into a normal life did not develop, to be sure, in untroubled harmony. My seventy-year-old mother wrote me from Prague that she suffered more and more from growing outbursts of the Nazi plague. She was freezing and starving. Mostly she suffered from being separated from her four children. Her gentile-friends could not run the risk of being imprisoned for visiting her. She was living in a small, drab garret. Her friends and relations had been deported already; she too was on the black list. The gnawing pain of not being able to help her tortured me day and night. My older brother could not bring her to England; for already there was war with Germany. My wife already had sent her an affidavit but she had to wait a year for her turn, as she wrote to me. But I felt that I tried too little for her. I was suffering from remorse. I hardly could teach. For me she had been far more than a mother. She was my friend and adviser in the world of the spirit. She taught me how to pray and pointed always to the wonders of heavenly grace. Her life was not only a complete self-denial for her children but also for strangers. From the street she picked up neglected children, took them home, washed and nursed them. Before the day of atonement she went to all who were unfriendly to her and asked them, although guiltless, for forgiveness. Thus she also served a God of love. Never have I seen a person as deeply imbued with a sense of the presence of God as she. And even she could not be saved from deportation. My wife and my American friends helped me to secure a Cuba-visa for her. Thereby, my wife gladly sacrificed a part of her savings. But all our efforts were in vain. For twelve days after my mother had received the visa Cuba had declared war on Germany--and

thus the last hope of a seventy year old mother to see her children before dying proved to be futile. The last letter I received from her and which I wear as a talisman in my wallet ended, as follows: "Children, do not worry about me. Live your lives. I am ready to die. I believe in His grace. His will be done!" On the 15th of December, 1943, she was deported to the gas chambers of Auschwitz, as the Czech Repatriation Department informed me. Her ashes be blessed. In my heart she is still living as one of the strongest heroines of faith within my epoch. Completely and unfalsified she has transmitted the law of her life upon me. My only son and my students receive daily her wisdom, the fear of the Lord from my teaching that she spiritualized. Thus she remains immortal through her influence upon the minds of those whom I am privileged to teach. The letters I receive from students, pastors, and friends prove to me that her unshakable faith in the Lord expressed in my talks has also kindled their minds.

In P. College there was no future for me. Therefore, I welcomed the opportunity to accept a better position in Richmond, Va. My inconsistency, with an eye to mammon was severely punished. My inadequate American teaching experience and my complete ignorance of handling American high school boys turned into a catastrophe. In addition, that boarding school had children who had come from broken homes. My German discipline without a smile and my English without slang were the target these boys had been looking for. Too soon they found out my handicaps and took thorough advantage of them. They made my instruction a farce. I got my quota of flying chalk and wet rags in my face during inspection evenings (things which I had never dreamed possible.) I told Elinor everything. She suffered with me. My stomach ulcer, acquired in Nazi-Austria, became acute again and tortured me pitilessly. At that time my mother was deported and I had to leave this school on account of my inability. During this school year my son was born and baptized by my young principal who was a

minister. In his church I sublimated all my anxieties. There I girded myself with faith in the Lord. There I tried to renew my taut nerves every Sunday. There the Lord told me that the way to Paradise led through the Inferno. There I realized that a faithful heart can find its Christ in spite of the poorest church service. Notwithstanding its outward splendor that church in Richmond lacked the spirit of Christ. My principal as well as his older colleague failed to bring forth that atmosphere of simplicity and spontaneity of faith which adorns every genuine Christian. It grieved me that the "ladies and gentlemen" of the social elite who attended church faithfully were dressed conspicuously, perfumed and powdered ostentatiously. The pastors, in turn, were not able to transmit the Lord's word in its simple and suggestive power. What they lacked in simplicity of heart they tried to replace by a thundering voice. In addition the older minister did not possess the slightest general education and thus he mixed up centuries and historical personalities. Naturally both tried their very best but they lacked originality and vision and "where there is no vision, the people perish." (Prov. 29:18). This truth I have found confirmed time and again. We have leaders in all the fields of human endeavor: in church, in politics, in science, in industry, in the army and high-finance. I don't doubt, in the least, their good intentions but their fitness. They are interested, above all, in current events, statistics and material facts and ignore or slight those influences that are derived from our creative vision. As clergymen they appeal too often to the mere letter of the Bible to strengthen their own authority without recognizing that the Holy Scripture goes to the very depths of humanity and thus forms an inexhaustible mine of constant self-exploration and visionary creativeness. They explain the declining attractiveness of the churches by pointing to growing paganism. But they forget that men like St. Paul, Boniface, Schweitzer and Ghandi had to fight against a much worse enemy: ignorance, disease, poverty, and superstition. But for them the message of religion was a flame that burned in their hearts and drove them to the

farthest corners of the earth to preach the gospel without taking with them an attractive staff of doctors, nurses, and interpreters protected by their mighty governments. They did not shun but loved dangers because they knew real Christian life does not start until it becomes dangerous. Out of their religious vision they created those dynamic forces by which they civilized the wilderness giving millions upon millions a new hope and a new sense of value in life. For them the Bible was more than a dictionary of edifying moral sayings; it was a living torch of faith that brightened the whole universe. Into the teaching and propagating of Christianity they poured their very life blood without which religion is as dry as dust. No wonder that nowadays many a churchgoer falls asleep while attending the service. It is the fire of creative imagination and of arduous faith that awakens individuals as well as nations out of their vegetative lives, directs their wills and urges them to immortal exploits. Savanarola, Luther, Pascal, Bossuet, Cervantes, Goethe, and Jefferson possessed this creative and all-embracing vision. Even today their mere names inspire us with awe and such men as well as their living compeers are carrying and renewing our civilization and not men who in the name of our Redeemer or of our fatherland or of "sacred self-defense" try to keep safe their leading positions. Yes, we are longing for peace but are stricken by a cold war because our leaders in religion and politics lack the right vision for their task. Our civilization which they want to preserve and improve is not, as they seem to believe, a buyable merchandise, a matter of increased armament, or of the dead letter but a vision, an ideal which we can approach only with a creative faith. Creative imagination can be attained by reading the Bible and similar divinely inspired works. A man who is not inspired by Jesus or St. Paul, Plato, Dante, Tolstoi and Goethe has not the background for recognizing the spirit of universal love. I wonder, who, if any, of these immortal writers inspired our present leaders. What do they do in order to arouse in us

a feeling of universal brotherhood? Their wisdom consists of pointing to the "Golden Calf" and to brutal force. But fortunately there is a group of men and women in our land who carry the best books as a source of constant inspiration into the remotest countries in order to establish a world community of peace lovers. These divinely inspired missionaries are the Friends; friends of mankind, indeed, they are. Incessantly they are endeavoring to care not only for the need of the bodies but also for that of the minds all over the world. They are the peacemakers whom the gospel blesses. Gradually the world has started to appreciate their work. Every country gladly opens its gates to them. For good will on earth in Russia, Germany, Japan, and China the Friends have accomplished much more than all our diplomats and generals together. To them no land is too "hostile," too "barbarous," too "pagan." In peacetime and in wartime they carry the message of Christian Brotherhood to all lands.

Most men of God whom I have met in this country deserve this name. Unforgettable is a minister in Cullowhee, N. C. with his charming wife and six children. I am still wondering how he can make ends meet. But he was rich enough to build with his naked hands and by virtue of his faith a small church in which he preached the word of God. In snow and rain I saw him working on his little wooden church. The religious enthusiasm of his wife spread an atmosphere of kindness and cheerfulness over his plain home and frugal meals so that I thought I was in a palace enjoying the finest banquet. How often did he call on me, in my little room, and arm in arm we knelt together on the floor and prayed for my mother. Today after eleven years of experience in Christian religious circles, I am definitely sure that the moral backbone of this country and its stamina much more than from the big cities derives from the plain and faithful countryside with its unpretentiously simple pastors. In the little religious-minded

communities the moral forces of this country flourish.

Another vale of tears during my earthly pilgrimage was a high school in Maryland. In my blind ambition to preserve my financial independence at all costs after my dismissal in Richmond I was ready to accept any teaching position. Thus I went to W. as a teacher of German, Latin, and French. My first exploratory visit did not leave the slightest doubt but that the living accommodations would be near to zero. I had to live during the summer with my family in an isolated two-room apartment extremely dark and uninviting, without the comfort of a private bath or kitchenette. Drinking water I had to carry from a neighboring dormitory three times a day. My boy was one year old. My wife, for the first time, experienced a gypsy type of life sharing it with a not-yet-adjusted immigrant. But she cooperated wonderfully. We ate with the pupils in the big dining room. The most provincial anti-semitism was in full blossom at our dining table. For one year and two months every day at every meal I had to hear the remarks of my table companions: "There are ten million Jews too many. They should be killed!" That was their next thought, after grace. Sunday School for adults was taught by the principal, a dull person with dictatorial inclinations. Before and after and during Sunday School I was to hear the same idiotic curse from businessmen: "There are ten million Jews too many. They should be killed." My principal knew very well how I felt but he kept quiet, being afraid of losing his popularity among those who financed his school. Besides, the businessmen only said aloud what he did not dare to say.

Were my Jewish brethren not right in stating that for a Jew there was no escape from anti-semitism anywhere and that baptism and the most devoted love for Jesus could never alter the fact that a Jew everywhere aroused anti-semitism. Granted! But I never wanted to escape from my race and I

never denied my origin. What mattered to me was not evasion but sublimation and perfection of Judaism through Christ. I learned from the New Testament, envisioned and written by divinely inspired Jews, that the most valuable Jews received their inner perfection from Christ and not from the Talmud. Was I as a Christian Hebrew not in the divine company of Jesus and all the apostles? Did I ever cease to love my Jewish parents, sisters, brothers, and Jewish friends and students? Do I not love their home in Erez-Israel? Did I not share all their blows of discrimination and persecution then and now? Do I not rejoice in their renaissance? Does it not fill me with awe and admiration that my people out of an almost complete annihilation arose rejuvenated? I know that they are bound to give the world more and more proofs of their genius. But why not in communion with Jesus? Was not His genius of love, of boundless suffering, of wisdom and understanding Jewish, to be sure, beyond the grasp of the letter-ridden rabbis but nevertheless of their race? Time and again history and personal experience have confirmed my conviction that the great Jewish writers, musicians, teachers, and scientists had His touch of profoundest humanity. Their insuppressable cry for economic and social justice has been resounding through the ages. Beginning with the old prophets, our first democrats, this yearning cry for social justice echoed again in Marx, St. Simon, Tolstoy and Ghandi. But undoubtedly it rings to me most appealingly out of the Lord's prayer: "Give us our daily bread. . . ." Of all the appeals for social justice the Christian prayer touches me most deeply because of its rejection of any force. And if there is any recent analogy to the "Sermon on the Mount" I find it only in Ghandi's life. Exactly like our Redeemer he grew into this merciless world which could not bend him but which he like Jesus transformed with his mercy and conquered with his love. Like Christ's love to every living creature Gandhi's search for truth grew to the proportion of self-denial in all phases of his life which was the very secret of his success. If the world needs evidence

that the spirit of the Sermon of the Mount is still as alive as two thousand years ago and offers the only solution to all human conflicts then it may look but at Gandhi's life. If man still believes that force can heal all our wounds then he can recognize his mistake by looking at Gandhi who with the spirit of the gospel reconquered great India. If man still doubts that the power of creative and visionary faith can move mountains then he should read the most humble Mahatma's autobiography. "I must reduce myself to zero. So long as a man does not of his own free will put himself last among his fellow-creatures there is no salvation in him. . . "

Only love can bridge all the abysses of life and death. I can only say to my Jewish Brethren: We would be better off if we had joined our Brother Jesus two thousand years ago. We could have kept our country and we could have remained Jews just as the English, French, Italians, Irish, and Russians preserved their race. Not until today have I fully realized the merits of my Hebrew-Christian friends who go to all lands trying to convince our stubborn Jewish brethren that there is only one lasting salvation: rebirth in Jesus. There is no other way of solving our individual, national and world conflicts but Christ's universal love. It is the most convincing appeal to everybody. IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. We feel this truth in our personal lives every day. It helps us every day in our relation to our neighbors. Loving understanding brings peace to our hearts and minds. There is no other way out, my Jewish brethren! Don't you realize the terrific consequences of your obstinancy throughout history? Isolation, imprisonment, persecution, enslavement, wars, massacres, invasions, destruction after destruction of the kingdom, diaspora, ghetto with its subsequent intellectual abnormalcy, crusades, inquisition, pogroms which repeated themselves time and again from Nebuchadnezzar to Hitler. Whatever one generation had built up with passionate labor, the next saw collapse owing to an irrational anti-semitism that we ourselves

helped to build up with our stubborn isolationism. In accordance with the biogenetic principle each Jew in his own life experienced the eternal misery of his race. It is true our people have increased their vitality but the price was exorbitantly high. We paid for our heroism with too much blood. Why are you still looking with distrust and bitterness upon your great Jewish Brother Christ who even while dying loved you? Because of ignorance? Hereditary prejudice? Because of your historically unforgettable experience that our ancestors were massacred "ad maiorem gloriam dei?" Does your resentment against those un-Christian makers of the Crusades and the Inquisition prevent you from loving Christ? What are you afraid of? What could you lose? Nothing. But you could gain the whole world. Have you modern cosmopolitan and metropolitan Jews a religion at all? What do you know about your Jewish History? Have you a religious faith at all that as an urgent impulse draws you above to God? You have lost your Jewish faith as I did. But I could not live without religion about which you care precious little. What unites you, cosmopolitan Jews, is your bitterness about wrongs which you have received, but resentment makes neither a happy man nor a happy nation. What isolates you and makes your life barren and even harmful is your loss of a living faith, your rejection of Christ. How grave is even your present fate in regained Palestine. Instead of being able to live in peace you have to hold the sword in your hand continuously. When will the plowshare replace the sword? When will my people have peace? Not until they have embraced repentfully their rejected Brother Jesus. There is only one world now. It can be ruled neither by the sword nor by the lucrid money but by Christ, the carpenter who arising out of the depths of the laboring masses built up a house for all the nations. --With considerations like these I stand between the Jews and the gentiles, loved by neither. But I bear my lot joyfully like other Hebrew-Christians. Are we not the only mediators between Moses and Christ, the national law and a universal caritas?

Again I wandered to another place with my small family, this time luckily to Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. Owing to the lessons I received from my American school experience I was better prepared for my college duties. Today I see the passed difficulties were inevitable. I had no other way than to start from scratch and to learn my lessons in the hard way. My teaching success in America was dependent on a gradual adjustment and integration of European and American teaching experiences. I did not deviate from two fundamental principles which I had thought good as a young Austrian teacher just beginning his career: first, to transmit experienced knowledge to students and second, to arouse their desire for the countless joys of the spiritual life. Both principles I could practice only as my growing command of the English language permitted it. After all, teaching is more than a knowledge of textbooks; it is a vision and not a mechanism. Basically, it is an art only obtainable to those who possess a creative imagination and are willing to give their very lives to this profession. Teaching is a passion like painting and writing and is given to us from the creator as a gift of grace. What can be learned about teaching is but the technique of practical, time-saving suggestions and hints which facilitate the daily routine but never make a creative educator. I had no other choice than to revitalize my intuitively acquired and tested European ideals. Although I at once recognized the seemingly insurmountable differences between the European and American "systems" I was incapable and unwilling to give up my European way of teaching without which I would have denied my very being; therefore I had to convince my American students that not cars and television but spiritual and ethical values fill a man with lasting happiness. I had to attempt to sublimate their worship of the Golden Calf and deified technology to that of our unforgettable heroes in the realm of the spirit. Again Jesus was my best guide. His divine teaching proved to me that, above all, love, faith, and patience were necessary. My labor in

shaping and transforming their young minds very often seemed to me like the constant rolling-up of a heavy rock; whenever I had pushed it up a little with great effort, it mercilessly rolled back. But I refused to accept the universal slogan "Take it easy" or "Don't bother throwing pearls before swine." I couldn't accept any advice for evading or going around the problem. It had to be squarely faced and solved in the hard way. You can advise a cobbler or a tailor through some tricks how to make shoes or coats with the least effort and the highest effect. But even they need vision and creativeness for accomplishing a beautiful and original product of their labor. How much more does the teacher need these qualities; for he deals with susceptible minds and hearts, the most delicate and valuable raw material.

With this ambition I started teaching in E-town. From the first moment I felt here a genuine Christian spirit. Here I gained tranquility and peace. Their German names, traditions, settlements and ways of worship made me feel at home immediately. From the very beginning members of the staff and students showed a kind of respect and genuine tolerance which I formerly had missed very often. Here I discovered myself by surrendering my very limited forces to religious work. I grew inwardly by sharing my experiences with others. A nice little cottage was assigned to me where I could live with my family normally. We are all brethren in Christ here. The college provides everybody with equal housing accommodations. Negro, Jewish, Armenian, German, French, Italian and Cuban students feel at home here. What the college requires as a counter-contribution is Christian conduct and the acceptance of a Christian education. Here I was able to require a hitherto unknown freedom of thought. All the work I had begun in Vienna, I can continue here, where I find enough leisure and inspiration after my daily school work is done.

Here I have my wife and my only child constantly around me. Dick does not know yet very much about my past life. But he gains glimpses into it every now and then and he will get to know it fully with his ripening years. I shall not fail to tell him about all my failures and successes. Before his eyes I will unfold my life like an open book. He will pass judgment as he pleases. I have nothing to hide. Dick who has rejuvenated and beautified my life so deeply deserves my complete sincerity. Through him the heavy load of life becomes, a pleasing obligation. The happiness that I feel beside him comes from my heart's tranquility which I regained here. The small town has grown as near to my heart as my native city Vienna. When I take a walk with him the rough pavement turns to a smooth carpet, the small houses, trees, bridges, dogs and cats I absorb like Dick with joyful eagerness. Since he has been speaking English, I realize the sweetness of its sounds; it has grown to be my second mother tongue. My academic degrees, my writing and lecturing seem trivial pleasure compared with that produced by his bright voice and his inquiring little mind which invigorates my aging heart like a spring breeze. I have nothing more beautiful than Dick. In spite of my years my very being has grown younger. It climbs like ivy around this blooming scion. I feel how through this young boy a current of new life flows into my old trunk. And should I not be grateful for my wife who was so faithful to me in the days of great distress? Beside her labor in school and home she also helps me in all my spiritual pursuits and makes this house a real home. She reads every wish before it comes from my lips and turns the monotonous strain of the daily round into an exciting adventure of my soul. When Dick already is dreaming of "Hansel and Gretl" his parents find each other after a day's work. While Elinor mends my socks, I read to her the Bible or classic masterpieces. Then the spirit of love and humanity embraces us both. The breath of my far-distant Vienna pervades us both when I recite Rilke or Hofmannsthal. The

spirit of religion and poetry builds a bridge between two persons who originally were separated by a different language, different habits and traditions.

In E-town I have time enough to retrace my past and to regain my lost years through redoubled service. I feel alone sometimes but never lonely. The more deeply I dig into my heart the more I rejoice in discovering the still increasing treasures of the Lord. Here I learn that kind of praying that brings complete liberation from the cares of this life and absolute union with God. Elizabethtown College in lovely seclusion, is located between Lancaster and Harrisburg. It is far from subways and elevated railways and equally far from congresses, conventions and other circuses of our civilization. It is far from any false competition and unsound ambition. Here from the underprivileged up to the little barons of banking and industry each one counts as an equally valuable creature of God. Here everybody is allowed to live a godly life according to his own fashion. Here I am man again according to the image of God. Here I am allowed to be it. The wishdreams of my youth have materialized here. Here I have students and friends who do not condemn but respect my race, understand my fate and share my faith. Here my teaching becomes a sacred experience because the Lord enables me to fill the matter of mere book knowledge with the Holy Spirit. Here eventually I can ripen what I sowed formerly often without planning. Here breathes divine liberty and Christian tolerance.

Here I realize the power of common ideals in a religiously united community. Our hymns and sermons, the chapel talks and lectures in church and college lift up my mind to a spiritual universe that has been created according to a divine plan. In this college I distinctly recognize my position and responsibility assigned to me as an individual within the universal whole. We live in order to perfect ourselves through our search for an eternal truth. Through this self-materialization death

becomes meaningless. For in a divine universe nothing can be lost, but much gained in our search for perfection. Continuously we are exchanging our temporary belongings into a kind of lasting gold that within and beyond our earthly borders keeps its rate of exchange. Therefore Solomon's utterance is quite right that death for the just is only pretended. "The Lord tries them like pure gold in the furnace and accepts them as a perfect sacrifice."

I fear God but nothing else in this life. I have seen the flashing ray of death in multiple form. I saw it in the roaring of cannons, in the rattle of machine guns, in the bombs of aeroplanes as well as in the countless outbursts of the Nazi rage. Formerly I was afraid of death because I had no vision of immortality. Today I know that the dead are still living with us. Today I can embrace death with perfect calmness although life seems to me sweeter now than ever before. In facing death continuously and in taking it as my inescapable life companion, I learn how to appreciate fully the tremendous value of every fleeting moment in that short life. When death shall knock at my door I can truly say: "I have been expecting you all the time. I am ready. I have known life fully, in its heights and depths." I shall leave my dear wife and my dear son to the care of the Lord. I am continuously praying that He may lead them as well as He led me. The faithful conquer the world. I shall leave behind me all my manuscripts, the joyful labor of many days and nights, without any grief. For I have already received the kingly reward in the writing and feeling the divine pleasure of creativeness. Only he who creates enjoys the full happiness of life. All the other pleasures are dreary and hollow compared with the ecstasy of creativeness in which God's supreme love manifests itself most clearly. My students will think of me sometimes. For I transfused my life blood into them. With Dick and Elinor, my brothers and sister, and first of all, with my mother I will be united in the divine universe of the spirit. In our

embrace I shall experience my childhood again exactly as I felt two years ago when my brother visited me here. My social achievements have not the slightest bearing upon my last big pilgrimage. Meaningful is only that divine love for God and man that set my heart a blaze. Indelible is that which at inspired moments I said to my students because I was filled with the divine vision of His glory and power and thus it must preserve the divine connection of my life with the future. In the cosmic lap that never disintegrates I shall be united with all my beloved ones. Our eyes won't seek the light because they will be in the light. What I labored and strove for here is seed for eternity. Nothing can perish which carries His sanction. To what higher goal could I lead these young men than to the humble recognition of a love that penetrates the whole cosmos? How else can I draw them away from the pernicious standardization to which they are exposed by a steadily growing mechanization but through my relentless pointing to God and prayer. Only in prayer the strongest as well as the weakest men have the chance of finding and spiritualizing themselves. From prayer flows a tremendous gain. Through prayer also the confused and divided personality can find his way back to the one and harmonious whole. In prayer the most humiliated creature can find dignity again. From prayer emanates self-confidence, poise, security, and a feeling of universal belonging. From prayer comes cosmic abundance. Also for my students there may arise situations where they will need faith in God. For also the shrewdest and most courageous among them without faith in God will look in vain for the right direction while the plain man who trusts in God, calmly and firmly does the right thing. Neither our liberal nor progressive intellectuals comprehend the necessity of prayer.

I have tried to increase "the pound of gold" that God has put into my cradle. This belief helps me in a wonderful way to appreciate my place in His spiritual universe. The scenery of my Lancaster

County, however, shows me the beauty of His physical universe. Thus the college as well as its location contributes to my spiritual tranquility for which I am grateful. I am allowed to belong to those happy millions who after having been driven out of their homeland have succeeded with God's eternal grace in securing the deepest happiness man can achieve: peace of mind. Even if "America, the beautiful" is not the "land of my fathers" it is the land of my son who as a native American without the blows intolerance has inflicted upon his father will, as I hope, from the very beginning, live and labor for this country.

